

## East Oregonian

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### True Story of Oregon.

When the Maker had finished this wonderful world, I think the last touch of the Great Artist's hand was the snow on our mountains, our blue sky imperiled, and the blossoms brown thick on the golden green land. And I think when He went by His heavenly car, aloft with the angels, each one with a star for a torch of the night—The way wasn't far, just out of sight—His great garden gate was left standing ajar, and no one remembered and nobody cares, and ever and ever the balmy sweet air, and the light and the glory have come drifting thro' On this blessed spot—I believe it—don't you?  
 —San Francisco Star.

### HO, FOR PANAMA!

The first flush and novelty of the war in the Philippines having been tasted and cast aside by adventurous young Americans, the next world-famous clime to be conquered by this indomitable race is Panama.

The same thrill will fire the veins of the young American, in thinking of the dash to Panama, as filled his heart with hope and his mind with dreams of conquest, when he marched away to embark for Luzon.

Men are wanted in Panama—strong, staunch, hearty, robust men, of physical prowess, horse sense, mulish tenacity and bull dog nerve, all of which ingredients are found in plentiful supply on the Pacific coast.

The government wants clerks, bookkeepers, timekeepers, surgeons, assistant surgeons, hospital experts, nurses, doctors, civil engineers, expert powder men, mining engineers, ditch engineers, steam engineers and all classes of laborers to oversee and have charge of the monstrous task of digging the canal.

For this service the government will pay the highest salaries ever paid by a parsimonious government for ability and capacity.

Applicants for the positions of bookkeeper, timekeeper and clerks must be between 18 and 40 years of age, and will receive from \$1200 to \$1800 per year and all expenses.

For the hospital service, surgeons, physicians and nurses between the ages of 20 and 50 are wanted at salaries ranging from \$1200 per year for hospital assistants to \$250 per month for surgeons.

Civil engineers are wanted, from 25 to 50 years of age, at salaries reaching from \$85 per month for chainmen to \$300 per month for chief engineers to have charge of surveys.

Steam shovel engineers and steam crane men from 25 to 50 years of age are wanted at salaries of \$190 to \$220 per month.

All these employees must be sound in body and mind, of splendid physique, because of the enervating climate, and of splendid morals because of the horrible temptations of the Spanish towns on the isthmus and in close proximity to the canal zone.

The only examinations to be conducted in the West for these positions will be conducted at Cheyenne and Denver, on January 20 and 18.

Panama will be the most intolerable climate ever tackled by an American, but if common sense, rigid military discipline and the most strict and minute sanitary regulations prevail and are fearlessly enforced, it will not be so bad as pictured at present.

France killed 50,000 natives in 10 years on the isthmus, but there was chaos in all the camps and debaucheries and intemperance among all classes.

These will kill men in better climates, and if followed, will soon end

the primrose path in such a spot as Panama.

American sense and discipline have made Havana a fit place in which to live. The same virtues are making of Manila and Honolulu models of health and cleanliness. Colon and Panama City will yield to the same treatment.

### A CENTURY'S COST OF WAR.

The New York World says if congress should pass the resolution of Mr. Bartholdt, of Missouri, for the compilation of statistics showing the cost of war and war preparations in all countries since 1800, it will be found that the price should "stagger humanity."

Charles Sumner said in 1845 that it would be "difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at an exact estimate of the cost" of standing army, navy, fortifications and arsenals and militia. To these, he said, must be added the enormous loss caused by the withdrawal of "millions of hardy, healthy men, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labor."

Mr. Sumner found that from 1789 to 1843 our government had spent \$246,620,955 for all civil purposes, and in the same time, deducting the cost of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, had spent \$1,335,000,000 in preparation for war, plus \$400,000,000 for militia. Eighty cents of every dollar raised by federal taxation in time of peace was a tribute to the fetish of war.

The federal government nowadays appropriates about \$200,000,000 a year for direct warlike preparations, or in seven years more than it did in the first 53 years of its existence.

How about the world cost of war? The debts of nations given in the World Almanac exceed \$30,000,000,000. These do not nearly represent the cost of a century's wars, but only that portion of the cost which remains unpaid and a charge upon the people. Only in a few cases, like Canada and New Zealand, does public debt represent other than war expenditure, and these sums are more than balanced by "left-over" debts from the 18th century.

The earth has 1,487,900,000 inhabitants, or 297,580,000 families. Its permanent load of war debt is \$1000 for every family.

Now that the thing has happened and Daisy Leiter, daughter of Chicago's ignorant and boorish old butcher has lacked herself onto the fog end of Suffolk's worm-eaten and scandal-besmirched dukedom, American newspapers that have published columns of rot about the wedding and have run pictures of all the Leiter family, including the house dog, should hire somebody to kick them around the block. After its all said and done, and the old butcher's money and daughter have been settled on a foreign "title" that will give a pedigree almost equal to that of a good Missouri jack, to the next generation of Leiters, what does it all mean to a sensible American? It is not an example that an American girl could imitate in good taste and it is a consummation despaired by English girls. It is simply a business deal—an exchange of millions for a gold brick title. Such "weddings" should be confined to the clearing houses and should not enter the sacred sanctuary of the affections and sentiment.

When Baker City gets to feeling blue and glum, and wants to say something mean, she revises the story that the La Grande land office is to be removed to Baker City, at once. While this does not do Baker City any particular good, it makes La Grande feel bad all over, and thus the object of the little thrust is attained. Baker City will get the La Grande office when Cabbage Hollow gets a Carnegie library.

Merchants, postoffices, deliverymen, messenger boys, woodyards, all report the heaviest holiday business in the history of the city. Pendleton has not yet begun to do business.

### THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go; The threads I hold within my hand Make up the filling; strand on strand, They slip my fingers through, and so

This web of mine fills out apace, While I stand ever in my place. One time the roof is smooth and fine And colored with a sunny dye, Again the threads so roughly twine And weave so darkly line on line My heart misgives me. Then would I

Fain lose this web—begin anew— But that, alas! I cannot do. Some day the web will all be done, The shuttle quiet in its place, From out my hold the threads be run; And friends at setting of the sun Will come to look upon my face, And say: "Mistakes she made not few Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

—The Independent.

Ambition's a good thing if you've got it headed in the right direction.

## A Legend of the Arid Land

The Indians have a story for everything. Whether plausible, reasonable or beautiful, they have an explanation for every physical fact in nature, and for every phenomenon witnessed.

The great American desert being one of the wonderful freaks of nature, the Indians naturally have many explanations for the existence of such vast tracts of arid land in the West, and this legend is really beautiful, when considered in its legendary light.

As told by the Cayuses on the Umatilla reservation, this strange legend is as follows:

In ages long ago, the Pacific coast and the inland Empire, was all one beautiful garden spot, the refreshing rains from the ocean causing vegetation to grow everywhere, and although the Indians of the great plains of the Columbia were intelligent and thrifty, the bucks refused to till the soil.

The medicine men pleaded with them to cultivate the rich lands, and instead of pilfering and raiding their neighbors for food, to grow their own food in the beautiful river bottoms and fertile upland plains of the Columbia basin.

This the bucks constantly refused to do.

Although the entire plain from the Cascades to the Blue mountains was one stretch of rich, productive land, yet the lazy Indians chose to steal and rob rather than to submit to honorable toil, and the pleadings of the medicine men were in vain.

Finally the Great Spirit said that if the rich land was not cultivated that it would be converted into a desert on which the Indian ponies could not subsist.

At that time not a sandhill, not a sagebrush was seen anywhere in the great arid belt of Eastern and Central Oregon. It was one rich green plain of luxuriant pasture and foliage and would produce anything planted in the soil.

When the Great Spirit saw that the bucks would not work, but still made their squaws dig camas and jerk-venison for the food supply, in such a land of abundance and plenty, then he declared that the Indians should pay the penalty for their laziness, and he at once sent the drouth to dry up the flowing streams, cut down the luxuriant pastures and parch the splendid foliage of the creek bottoms.

Where the Indian children had played and made trails in the growing grass, now nothing but the trail of the black-tailed rabbit, the Indian's most deadly and despised foe, was seen.

The herds of ponies were driven from the green uplands by the drouth, the Indian women bewailed the failure of the camas crop, and the bucks were driven to the mountains to live in penury and poverty all their lives because they would not work.

Thus the Great Spirit sent the arid land to punish the Indian.

Until the Indian shakes off his slothful habits, the land will remain parched and desolate. The rabbit will continue to be the only inhabitant of the desert and the Indians will be driven to hunger and loneliness in the mountains because they refused to use the beautiful land spread out for them.

Before the land was changed into a desert, the Indian women could carry their papposes in their arms and dig camas, so plentiful was the cherished plant, and so easily was a sustenance reaped from the bountiful land.

No Indian woman ever carried her baby on her back, before that fatal change in the land was made by the Great Spirit, but after the green pastures became a desert, the squaws were forced to work hard and needed both hands to make a living for their lazy lords. Then it was that the practice of carrying their papposes on their backs was instituted because the poor squaws needed both hands to support the bucks. So baskets were made and the babies were swung on their backs to be out of the way while the mothers toiled.

BERT HUFFMAN.

### A PRINCESS' GRIEF.

There is no love so deep, so lasting, so true as mother love. There is nothing so pathetic as to see children turn against their mother. Former Crown Princess Louise has been pleading to see her children. But a deaf ear has been turned to her requests. She petitioned that she might be allowed to give them gifts at Christmas, but this was also denied. Could anything be more heartless? Well may she say:

"My child is mine. Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh is he, Rocked at my breast and nurtured at my knee, Fed with sweet thoughts ere ever he drew breath, Wreathed in battle through the gates of death. With passionate patience is my treasure hoarded, And all my pain with priceless joy rewarded."

### NUMBER OF PAPERS.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregation of the circulation

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of the papers of the world is estimated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp the idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 741,000 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number (12,000,000,000) represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take more than 333 years for them to lapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains.

Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 496, or in round numbers 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

### ROYAL RHYMSTERS.

The following poem is from the Independent. It was written by Musubito, the emperor of Japan. No attempt is made to make it rhyme in its English translation:

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup

Changes its form to its receptacle;

And so our plastic souls take various shapes

And characters of good or ill to fit

The good or evil in the friends we choose.

Therefore be ever careful in your choice of friends,

And let your special love be given to those

Whose strength of character may prove the whip.

That drives you ever to fair Wisdom's goal.

This poem, from the Literary Digest, is by the Czar of Russia, Nikolai Aleksandrovitch Romanoff. It is entitled, "My Life," and the translation is a literal reproduction preserving the original sense of the poem:

My happiness was born at night;

It has only flourished in darkness;

I have lost my joy in life,

And wander wearily in gloom.

My soul gropes sadly searching

In mental fog; it pines

And prays and suffers,

But finds no peace on earth.

### THE STRONGEST FORT.

The strongest fort in the whole wide world:

Shall I tell you where it stands?

'Tis not where flags are proudly unfurled

In this or in foreign lands.

Nay, not where the walls are thick and high,

Where the cannons are frowning down,

Nor yet where the troops are standing by

To defend their walled-up town.

But down in your midst where battles rage—

Rage on from the morn till night,

It has stood the test from age to age,

And never gave up the fight.

No poet has ever sung its praise,

No history given it thought.

Yet faithful it stood through all the days,

And bravely the battles fought.

Shall the riddle be read by some brave herald?

Shall the curtains be drawn apart?

Lo! the strongest fort in the whole wide world

You'll find in a true woman's heart.

—John Allen in Chicago American.

Patrick Morley, an old and respected citizen of Tacoma, well-to-do and well known, has become suddenly and violently insane.



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In cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tennessee.

AMETHYST, COLO., Feb. 24, 1902.

Wine of Cardui is worth its weight in gold. It does more than you claim. It has saved my life and caused me to become a mother when everything else failed.

MRS. DORA I. E. LEFEVRE.

BRANT, VA., Feb. 18, 1902.

My daughter-in-law, Lizzie Giles, found great benefit in Wine of Cardui. She had a miscarriage in March 1901, before using your medicine. She was in very bad health, so I persuaded her to try Wine of Cardui. Since then she has had a fine baby boy. Soon he will be three weeks old. She highly recommends Wine of Cardui.

My daughter, Fannie Hudson, also has a fine baby boy by your treatment. She highly appreciates Wine of Cardui.

MRS. LOUISA GILES.

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